

# The Grail

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## FATHER ABBOT'S PAGE



DEAR GRAIL READERS:

Last month I told you that there would be mention in this number of a certain ruler in Europe about whom I had heard much in tones of dissatisfaction. Very probably you guessed whom I meant. Hitler is his name. What is the attitude of the Germans towards Hitler? Do they love him? No, they don't. He is a selfish, proud Caesar. Not through personal merit but through a queer combination of circumstances he ran up into prominence. Indeed, he has done some good things to keep a nice front. But through all the good you can see the motive of selfishness.

For the most part Hitler and the Hitlerites rule with an iron hand. Yes, they have control of affairs in Germany. But, for how long a time? Judging from what I saw and heard I could not keep back from the front of my mind the thought: "The Germans are slaves." With an astonishing patience they bear the overbearing rule of the Hitler party.

Germany is under the strictest censorship. Nothing may be printed in the papers that does not bear the approval of the Hitlerites. Any outside papers are not admitted into Germany. When one crosses the border going into Germany he is asked whether he has any newspapers in his baggage. Even letters leaving or entering Germany are subject to censorship. All persons who have in any way incurred the displeasure of the Hitlerites are closely watched. Their mail and even their telephone is subject to rigid censorship. One prominent man so marked told me that he no longer writes letters. All his correspondence is through postcards. He thus saves the authorities the trouble of opening his letters. When he uses his phone someone at Central is ready to listen in. If perchance his conversation should be suspicious or "interesting," a button is pressed and a record is made of the conversation. Because of this censorship, persons writing in Germany to persons outside of Germany refrain most carefully

from saying things that they would really like to say. To judge from their letters all is well. In fact, all is not well.

Germany is using rigorous measures to prevent money from going out of the country. Neither Germans nor foreigners may cross the border leaving Germany with more than 10 Marks of German money. Foreigners on entering Germany must declare all monies they have on their person. In some cases they must actually count it out before the eyes of the officials. The certificate that is issued to them shows how much money they took into Germany. They are not allowed to take more out than they brought in. On leaving the land, they present their certificate and again declare all monies. In some cases officials take the traveler's word; in other cases they search his pockets, carefully search through his baggage, and sometimes feel along the lining of coats and dresses. There are even cases where suspected persons are taken aside and compelled to divest themselves that a more thorough examination might be made. I personally crossed the German border 14 times and as many times had to make a declaration of monies carried with me.

Of course, in dire times a country has the right to resort to extreme measures. So, though we dislike such rulings we cannot flatly condemn them. Yet, it does look like selfishness on the part of Germany to prohibit her people from going into Austria under penalty of paying 1,000 Marks (\$400.00). Very few Germans can obtain permission to cross the Austrian border. The rest must pay their 1,000 Marks if they wish to cross. The result is they do not cross the border. The train on which I went from Munich to Salzburg, Austria, was pretty well filled with passengers until we neared the Austrian border. At the last station on the German side all left the train except myself and two other persons. Very probably all three of us were foreigners.

With the exception of a few isolated cases Catholics have not been persecuted. Certainly

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# Street Preaching

*Raymond Hubers, O. S. B.*

THE recent appointment of the Rev. Stephen A. Leven as vice rector of the American college at Louvain university has drawn attention to an outstanding exponent among the clergy of street corner apologetics. Father Leven, who is pastor of Bristow, Oklahoma, was one of the leaders in the organization of the first Catholic Evidence Guild in Oklahoma.

It was while studying at Louvain that Father Leven became interested in the guild work. A talk given to the students of the American college in 1927 by Bishop Kelly of Oklahoma inspired him with the idea of going to London to obtain practical experience in the work of the guild. He spent five weeks in London, during which time he gave several talks at meetings held in Hyde Park. After his return to America, he was appointed assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Old Cathedral in Oklahoma City. It was several years, however, before he could begin any guild work in Oklahoma. Early in 1932, he and Rev. V. J. Reed, fellow assistant at St. Joseph's, organized the guild. The first lecture was given on the courthouse lawn at Oklahoma City on Monday, April 11, the day after "Other Sheep" Sunday. The lectures were continued throughout the summer. About the same time, Rev. Michael Coleman established the guild in Mangum, Oklahoma. Although Father Coleman was pastor of a parish covering 6,000 square miles and containing several churches and an insane asylum, he found time to give talks each week. Unfortunately Father Coleman died within the same year. Father Leven was appointed pastor of Bristow in October, 1932. He immediately established the guild there. This

guild has become the most active in Oklahoma. Outdoor lectures were given in nine towns and communities at regular intervals throughout the summer of 1933. Father Leven was assisted by two priests and two seminarians. During the summer of 1934 this guild gave more than 200 sermons to non-Catholic crowds and distributed more than 10,000 pamphlets.



Rev. Dr. Stephen A. Leven, organizer of the Catholic Evidence Guild of Oklahoma.

Courtesy of The Shield.

The speakers follow the Catholic Evidence Guild method of lecture and question period. Meetings are always advertised beforehand. Since the series of talks were invariably called "Catholic Revivals," they are now advertised as such. No other term is so readily understood by non-Catholics, who form practically the entire audience at the meetings. The meetings always open with a prayer or hymn. Father Leven opens his with a hymn. The only equipment used by the speakers is a portable pulpit. This is set up under a street light, and the lecture is ready to begin. It has been found that outdoor meetings always draw a crowd. On the other hand, indoor meetings

generally fail, for non-Catholics will not attend them.

Although the beginning of the guild work was made in Oklahoma City, the smaller towns are now made the objective of the street preachers. The reason for this, according to Father Leven, is that in the cities and larger towns the non-Catholics, although possessing a better education and a more tolerant spirit, are too irreligious. Most of them, in fact, are agnostics. Hence it is almost impossible to interest them in religion. In the smaller places, however, the Protestants are still Christians, who read their Bible religiously and consider the Catholic

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Church the work of the devil. Most of us, no doubt, thought that such views are things of the past. This is not the case. That Catholics worship the devil is a firm belief of these Protestants. It has been taught to them from childhood. With them it is as firm a conviction as the truth of the Catholic religion is with us. The very things that Catholics consider most holy, such as the Cross, they have been taught to consider a symbol of Satan. One of their greatest surprises during the lectures is to learn that Catholics adore God. To them the Pope is the anti-Christ. Many and ingenious are the methods used to demonstrate that the apocalyptic number 666 applies to the Pope. No parts of Holy Scripture are so well known to them as the Apocalypse and the prophecies of Daniel. Of the questions asked at the meetings, the vast majority concern priests and nuns. Father Leven maintains that no bachelor in Oklahoma has so often been asked by women why he wasn't married as he has. And nearly every time he gives a talk, he is closely scrutinized for horns and hoofs.

Yet in spite of their bigoted attitude, the non-Catholic listeners are invariably courteous to the speakers. They absolutely refuse to permit any heckling. Physical violence is unheard of. A sense of humor is all that is needed to ignore any seemingly insulting remarks. Strange to say, it is the Catholics of a town, not the non-Catholics, who usually object when a meeting is to be given. They are afraid it will raise a storm of bigotry. But they have always found their fears groundless. The increased respect and regard shown them by their Protestant fellow citizens after a lecture proves conclusively that the lectures do not turn

out to be occasions of anti-Catholic agitation.

But what are the results of these lectures as regards conversions? This is probably the question uppermost in the mind of anyone who hears or reads about the work of the Evidence Guilds. Father Leven says that the success of the work is astonishing. Besides fostering a spirit of tolerance, the talks create an interest in the Church which leads to remarkable numbers of conversions. It is surprising to find

that the talk on "Jesus and Mary" has the most appeal. Quite as surprising is that the next in rank for popularity and effectiveness is the one on the Holy Eucharist. It simply shows, however, how hungry these poor people are for the truth. They have fed on nothing but the dry husks of Protestant teachings, while we who have all the riches of Catholic doctrine have been keeping it to ourselves without making an effort to share it with them. Again and again, Father Leven says, non-Catholics asked why the Catholic priest had not come to them before. One rather elderly man came up to Father Leven after a lecture and said, "Young feller, where've you been all this time?"

I've been trying my best to lead a Christian life; I've tried the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Evangelicals, and a lot of others, but I'm not satisfied. But I believe you've got what I want." In another place a colored woman asked him, "Sah, why don't you all come and talk to us niggahs, ain't we got souls just like you white folks?" Many non-Catholics follow up their interest in the Church to complete conversion. Many more would do so if they only had the opportunity. This is proved by the success of two religious vacation schools for

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### Return

H. D., O. S. B.

*O Mother,  
I kneel with head bowed down and shame  
in all my being.  
My guilt in all its black reality,  
A horror  
In the presence of Thy stainlessness.*

*O Mother,  
Who could have thought,  
When last I parted from Thy shrine,  
Aglow with love out of our talk—  
Child and Mother—  
That sin and shame and all that Thou  
dost hate  
I should, forgetful of Thy love,  
Make choice of?*

*O Mother,  
May I not touch with fingers hesitant  
The hem of Thy blue mantle?  
May I not steal a trembling, tear-  
stained glance  
Towards Thy beauteous face—  
Contrite?  
Find there a Mother's pity and assurance  
sweet  
That mercy now hath intervened  
To take me once again into Thy Heart—  
Penitent;  
That I may cry to Thee, a loving child  
again—  
O Mother!*



# The Lovely Enigma

Amedea Patricia Bortolotti

*Beginning the story of a tragic mystery which found its solution in love.*

## CHAPTER 1

"I THINK we have avoided the question long enough, my dear, haven't we?" The elderly man looked with kind eyes and a fond smile at the youthful college graduate of the morning.

"Yes. I was waiting for you to ask. We can sit here; it's very beautiful." She pointed out with a side glance a bench on the campus of the college grounds.

"You have enjoyed these four years here I know. You cannot regret leaving half as much as I regret seeing you a college graduate. The years can only take you more from me, Aline. Ah, well, tell me, did you write to the place I told you of?" He sat beside her on the bench, looking not at the campus splendor in early June, but at the sincere blue eyes which met his gaze so frankly.

"I wrote to the home on Sheridan Road in Chicago after you left last week. I stated that I would finish college in a week and would appreciate holding the position of governess to the two little ones. I offered Mrs. Bomberg's name and the Dean's that my character and so forth might be looked into." She laughed, a sweet laugh, a kind of proof of innocence to the devoted gentleman beside her.

"And did you get a reply yet?" His anxiety was intense.

"Yes. After a day or so, I received a beautiful letter from a Mrs. Renneau Mason." Aline paused and looked off into the blue Iowa skies, skies which compared in beauty to those of Italy. She didn't notice the pallor of the man beside her.

"Mrs. Renneau Mason? That was not the name I gave you?"

"No. Mrs. Renneau Mason is the aunt of the lady whose children are to have a governess. The name you gave me was Mrs. John La Claire. This Mrs. Renneau Mason stated that Mr. and Mrs. John La Claire were on a vacation in Florida for the summer. It was such a

sweet letter. Well, to get to the point, she accepted my offer and I am to leave tomorrow for Chicago to begin my new life as governess and teacher!"

"I shall miss you so, Aline. Mrs. Bomberg who is like a mother to you will miss you too."

"How did you happen to know Mrs. La Claire wanted a governess? Do you watch the Chicago papers?" Aline searched his face keenly for an answer.

"I knew you had to do something now that your education was complete as far as classes went. I wanted to see you in a dignified position and in a nice home. I was in Chicago and happened to see the notice for a governess, a college graduate from a Catholic girls' college. I hope it will be a homely sort of home. I went and looked at the home on Sheridan Road. It's an extremely beautiful one; the owners must have a great pile of wealth. But if you don't like it, let me know as soon as you are sure, and come back to Dubuque and live with Mrs. Bomberg. Every summer since you were a baby you have lived with her and it must always be your refuge, dear. I do not think you will remain a governess forever in Chicago; you'll meet some nice Catholic gentleman and marry. I trust to your good sense to choose carefully. You are beautiful, young, cultured and in no necessity to marry for support."

"The gentleman I marry must be like you, Bernard." She laid a soft hand upon his arm and looked into his face with great love. The man paled again and a new light kindled in his light blue eyes.

"That is the biggest compliment you could pay me, Aline. Now, for a few necessary details about your trip and future residence in Chicago. You will live with the La Claire family, of course. You will not have a great deal of spare time. You must make good at your post, if they are kind to you. Pleasure will come later on. You will not be as wealthy as they; but do not feel inferior to them or take any insults of any kind should there be men in the house. You are of wonderful parents, my



dear. Again I remind you that your mother, who died when you were born, was as cultured, as sweet a woman as ever God smiled upon. I loved her very much, Aline. Your father was a brave man; went against his parents' wishes to marry your mother. His parents did not approve because he was very wealthy and your mother not as wealthy or as prominent in society. As you know, he was later killed in a motor boat race. You have nothing to be ashamed of; and quantities of money do not make people better or higher. I talk so much about your mother because I want you to remain like her. It was her wish and your father's that I raise you as I have—in Catholic boarding schools, during the summer living with the German family in Dubuque. You owe me nothing, my dear. I owe you everything. You have made an old man very happy. You will write to me every week in care of Mrs. Bomberg? Remember to address the outer envelope to her, but have another letter within for me."

"I will write every week—even oftener. Why must I not ever speak of you? I love you as my very father!" At last Aline had uttered the question that was puzzling her since his visit last week.

"People might not understand our relations, Aline. It is better that you speak only of your college friends and your good Mrs. Bomberg. After you marry, Aline, then we will tell anyone you like about me. It may be just an absurd fancy of an old man. Although your father's people live in New York, they might happen to hear of you and me and knowing I was your mother's lover before your father came along, they might think evil things. I know what they think would be untrue, Aline, but I want no suspicions cast upon you. I know you owe me nothing. The money I spent on your education was the only money I spent that ever brought me happiness. If your father had suspected his death, he would have made pro-

visions for you. As it was, your mother would have wanted me to do as I have. Aline, will you promise to believe always that I love you more than life itself—more than anything earthly—more than anyone beside your mother?"

"I promise to believe that always. You have proven it so often, Bernard. And will you believe I love you as my father?"

"You will always love me as your father! That is the reward of a lifetime. I so wanted to be your father, Aline. If you ever care to visit Mrs. Bomberg and me—should you have some days off duty—remember that my money is ever yours and that we would be delighted

to see you. Be sure to tell me all about everything. Nothing could be gained from your suffering inwardly and not wishing to pain me. Aline, may I ask a big favor of you—almost a cruel one?"

"Certainly, Bernard!" She kissed the hand of the dignified gentleman beside her.

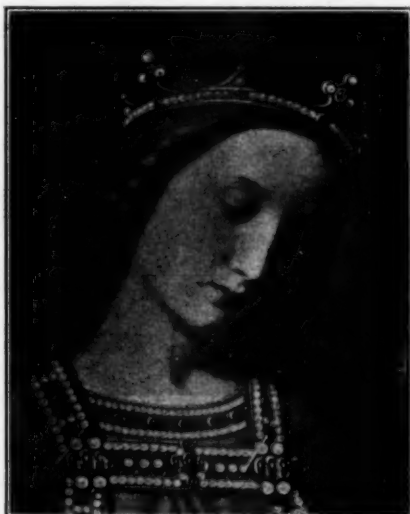
"That locket your Mother wore, and that you received after her death—may I have it? When you marry, I'll return it to you as your family possession." His eyes were pleading.

"Yes, you may have it until you wish to give it

to me. We both loved Mother, but you knew her and I didn't; so it's really more yours than mine." Aline opened her purse to get the locket and chain. She couldn't help thinking that he had given the locket at one time as a gift to her mother. It meant more to him than it could mean to anyone.

"Thank you, Aline," said the kind voice, as Bernard took the gold chain with the locket with the initials A.M. on its cover, and a medal of the Blessed Virgin within.

"A.M.—Aline Marquette—before she became Aline Marquette Randall. She was always thinking beautiful things about our Blessed Mother, Aline. I think it was her love for Mary that made your father see the beauty of



the Faith. I think it was your mother's piety, too, that your father's people could never tolerate. They did not understand; and of course one less wealthy could not be right and they wrong. But your father, who knew and loved your mother, accepted that Faith." Bernard was holding the locket and talking half to himself, half aloud. Aline listened wonderingly. Her mother must have been wonderful to have inspired such devoted love in two men—her father, Ralph Randall, and this man, Bernard Levreau. She wanted to be like that mother who had given her life for her child's. She would give her life being like her mother.

"Through all these years in Dubuque," Aline began musingly, "you have been so near to me. On our gleeful picnics at Eagle Park, when you used to run up the hill with me, show me where the three states meet, and tell me stories of the Indians and early history of Iowa. On our trips up the Mississippi, how I loved those stories of Father Marquette the Blackrobe Missionary, and Joliet his companion. I remember about Evangeline, too. How you made me love Canada and the Canadians, even before I realized my mother was Canadian-French. How you made me love every nationality by your stories of heroes! And I remember our sodas at the Grill. I remember your showing me as a little girl the Mount where I was to attend college some day. I recall days at college when I felt rather tired of study and when you always came along with inspiration. You attended all the college plays and concerts—and how I depended on your being there! How you reminded me to get up in the morning and always attend Mass in the dear little chapel. And you never bothered me, never asking the college for favors or days off, or excuses from study hours. You always came in my spare time, not by accident, but because you were thoughtful. When a Freshman I wished you would come during study hour, but oh, how I thank you now for not doing so! I'll always remember with joy my college days, especially how at six in the evening, no matter where the girls were, how they stopped to say the Angelus. How I loved the snowy walks up the hill on Sunday afternoons! Always, always you understood me! Then you ask me if I'll ever cease to love you! Oh, Bernard, you are truly a godfather to me!"

Because the tears made a mist which blurred the vision of the earnest blue eyes, Aline did not see the old man's hand tremble and the lips quiver at the word 'godfather', nor did she hear the softly murmured words "Domine, non sum dignus."

## CHAPTER 2

"Are you Miss Aline Randall? Step into the parlor, please. Mrs. Mason wishes to speak to you." A pleasant acting woman, perhaps a maid, perhaps a housekeeper, ushered Aline into the parlor.

"Miss Aline Randall," announced the pleasant woman, after tapping softly at the door. Then she left without waiting for a reply.

"Come in, my dear," a soft voice reached Aline. She pushed the heavy door completely open and entered the parlor.

Aline walked a few steps into the immense parlor. It was a shady, cool, homey room in spite of its largeness and its grandeur. It was not immediately that Aline could find the owner of the voice. Then, upon the sofa Aline beheld a white haired woman whose face was very young and intensely beautiful with a quick, alive, lovable beauty rather than a formal type. Mrs. Renneau was sitting upright, facing Aline; the book she had been reading lay open in her lap.

"Come here, my dear. Sit beside me here. We must know one another. How sweet you look!" Mrs. Renneau scanned the slim, neatly dressed young lady with such a kindly look. Aline, like many people, had the idea away back in her head that very rich people weren't so sweet as the less wealthy; but since the letter from Mrs. Renneau had come a week ago, she felt that idea was very prejudiced and narrow. Now she declared to herself that never had anyone so radiated sweetness as sincerely as did Mrs. Renneau.

"Thank you—Mrs. Renneau." She breathed.

"Mrs. Renneau Mason! James would be very angry to be omitted! Renneau is my maiden name, but if I omit that, my very fervent French brother feels I do not appreciate my name. Ah, but just between you and me, Mrs. Mason will be the most appreciated by me."

"Excuse me. I couldn't remember for the instant the Mason of your name. You dazzled me. I won't let it happen again. I'm sorry."

"My dear! it was nothing! Take off your hat. There—lay it upon the sofa beside you. Did you come right from the train?"

"Yes, Mrs. Mason." This was all so different than Aline had expected.

"I thought so. We are going to have luncheon—you and I. Now, for a few explanations about the house and your position. I live here with my husband, Mr. Mason. My brother, Mr. Renneau, lives here with his wife, Marie. They have one child, a daughter, Rumelle. It is she, Mrs. La Claire, who has the two children whom you are to guide. Mr. and Mrs. La Claire are in Florida. Mr. La Claire's unmarried brother, Laurence, lives her too. Many names—but you'll grow to place us all aright. You won't really have a great deal to do. I love the children and so does my sister-in-law, Marie. We could easily watch over them or have any of the maids do so. It's just a little idea of mine—having a young governess for them. You are to attend to the cultural and spiritual side of their natures. I do not have the time to do so that I would like—and again, it always saddens me to do so. Later, you will understand! If I seem strange, odd, to you, my dear, you must overlook it. My life has been a sad one for some years. I thought this position as a spiritual guide might benefit some college student, and, too, bring me into contact with the younger generation. With me, you must always feel frank and at ease. I want you to love me, Miss Randall, if you can. You are new in Chicago. I hope you will not miss Dubuque too much." Mrs. Mason ceased talking. Her brown eyes were soft and dreamy. Her white hair draped about her sweet face, a seeming paradox to her youth.

"Marianne," called a man from the parlor door.

"Yes, Alphonse, what is it?" She replied immediately.

"Marie and I have a luncheon engagement at the Randolph's. You'll not mind being alone?" The voice came nearer and the tall man entered the vision of Aline and Mrs. Mason.

"I beg your pardon; I did not know I was intruding."

"Miss Aline Randall, Mr. Alphonse Renneau, my brother."

"Good afternoon, Miss Randall." Alphonse Renneau was formal.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Renneau. Shall I go?" turning to Mrs. Mason.

"No, my dear. Alphonse, I will not be alone as you see. Have a nice time. Oh, yes—where are the children?"

"Riding with Laurence. Goodbye then. Glad I met you, Miss Randall. I am sure you will like it in the Renneau household." He left.

"Sit down, my dear. Alphonse always worries about my being alone. Laurence La Claire, you remember, is the brother of Mr. La Claire who is in Florida. He's a charming, dashing young man, younger than his brother John. The children dearly love him because he's such a tease. Now, my dear, may

I call you Aline?"

"Oh, I wish you would!" Aline just stared at the lovely face of the odd woman beside her.

"Aline, we will go upstairs. I'll show you your room. You'll want to wash up a bit and perhaps unpack a little. We will have luncheon in a half hour—we always have luncheon at one—and late tea at four, dinner at seven." Mrs. Mason arose, placed her arm about Aline and together they went up the steps. On the way up, Mrs. Mason was unusually silent.

Half way up the stairs was a landing. A large picture, painted, of a beautiful baby faced them as they mounted the lower half of the steps. Fresh flowers were in vases before the

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### After Many Days

EDITH TATUM

*So bountiful my spirit-life  
For many a day,  
That none who asked for love or  
alms  
Were turned away.*

*Then like the dream that Pharaoh  
dreamed  
Came famine years,  
And poverty and doubt were mine  
For all my tears.*

*But love and loaves were given by  
those  
Whom I had fed;  
Refreshed, I walk faith's way once  
more  
With lifted head.*



# From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.

The longest nose of history was seven and a half inches long. It belonged to an Englishman.

Colors of gold depend upon the addition of alloys. About twenty-five percent of platinum or twelve percent of palladium in a quantity of pure gold will produce white gold. Copper alloy gives gold a reddish color, silver a greenish tint.

Bed rest alone is responsible for a little more than twenty percent of all tuberculosis cures in the opinion of a New York physician. He believes this could be raised to seventy-five percent if the cases were taken in time.

The average American family today is twenty-five percent smaller than the average family in colonial days.

Airplane passengers, when flying at high altitudes, are warned not to open their fountain pens, since the lowered exterior pressure may exert enough force on the imprisoned ink to cause it to spurt.

Plants can be transplanted more successfully from a dry region to one with more moisture than the reverse.

The world's largest electric lamp has a bulb fifty-six inches high. The tungsten filaments are larger than a fountain pen and are one quarter of an inch thick. It uses 100,000 watts at 115 volts. Its light could be visible from the moon. The cost is about \$5.00 per hour.

A sponge will hold more cold than hot water.

Penny, as used to indicate nail sizes, is traced back to the fifteenth century in England. Nails were sold by the hundred. Those selling for six pence a hundred were six-penny nails; those for ten pence a hundred, ten-penny nails. Later, when the prices changed, the old designation was retained to indicate size.

Rain drops vary, according to weather conditions, from one-sixteenth to one-fifth of an inch in diameter.

The average life span for women is sixty-one years, for men, fifty-eight.

A thirty-mile-an-hour wind, blowing across a road, exerts a 300 pound side push on a car traveling sixty miles an hour.

By means of special cameras it has been shown that lightning really consists of two flashes. The first, a thin and slower flash, called the leader, darts from the cloud to the earth; then the second and main flash immediately retraces the path of the first back to the cloud.

Lightning sometimes produces a current of 60,000 amperes—enough to light 130,000 fifty-watt lamps. Currents of 30,000 amperes in lightning occur frequently, currents of 50,000 amperes occasionally.

A few drops of olive oil around the roots of the fern may improve its growth.

A recent geological survey reveals that the wheat and corn belts of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, and Indiana, and the arid States of Arizona and New Mexico have the hardest water of all States.

A bushel of wheat usually averages 42.6 pounds of flour.

Red color does not madden the bull. Tests have shown that animals are color blind; hence red looks black to a bull.

Fish that are handled and then thrown back into the water often die, because their protective skin is broken by the dry hands. As a result, they drown in fresh water and die of thirst in salt water.

The dog is native to America.

Driving on a paved road is 2.8 cents cheaper per mile than on a mud road, and the all-weather highway is one cent a mile cheaper than an unimproved one.

From government chemists we learn that apples retain their original color when cut, if they are sprayed at once with pineapple juice.

Normally, the human heart makes about 4,320 strokes an hour to pump fifteen gallons of blood.

Only six-tenths of the moon's surface has ever been seen by man. The far side is never turned toward the earth.

Garlic scents the breath for 72 hours.

# Philosophy

## *Natural Development of Concept of God in Ancient Philosophy*

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

IT took a long time before the philosophers of old arrived at a concept of God by means of scientific investigation. It is a characteristic of a scientific man to take nothing for granted, but a reason or cause must be assigned for everything. When he observes a fact he tries to find its cause. At first he discovers only the immediate or proximate cause. But he soon discovers that the proximate causes were once upon a time effects themselves, i. e., that a thing may be both a cause and an effect. It is an effect because it was itself made and it is a cause because it makes something else. Thus the motion of one cog-wheel causes another cog-wheel to move and in this way the first cog-wheel is a cause. But its motion is also caused by something and in this way it is an effect.

The sun is the proximate cause of light, of heat, of rain, of wind, etc. But, has the sun been there forever doing all this? The scientific inquirer realizes that the sun could not have been doing this forever. The sun does very many things, but all by means of its heat. If the sun had been there forever, it would by this time have lost all its heat, for it loses every second a tremendous amount of heat. Just as a cup of hot coffee cools as it gives off heat, so the sun cools as it gives off heat. If this cooling off process had been going on forever the sun would now be ice cold.

The earth turns on its axis making one revolution a day, thus causing night and day. Of old they thought that the earth stood still and that the sun moved through the heavens from east to west. In either case there was no mistake as to the fact that something moved; the only mistake was as to what actually moved. But how did this movement get a start? If nobody would have moved the earth or the heavenly bodies, there still would be no movement, for matter does not begin to move by itself. Who was it that started the earth to spin?

These were facts and questions that faced the early philosophers. The hylozoists took for granted that all matter is endowed with a life-principle which they considered to be the cause of motion. The hylozoists, if they spoke of God at all, identified God with this life principle, thus making God part of the material universe. This is semi-Pantheism.

The materialists tried to explain everything by means of a material cause. They saw that it is absurd to say that all matter is endowed with life. But by trying to explain everything by a material cause, they could not explain the beginning of motion. There were only a few possible explanations thinkable. Some proposed an explanation which was not an explanation of motion at all, but a denial of it. Since they could not explain motion, some of them denied it altogether. Zeno of Elea even tried to prove that there is no motion. Among other arguments he had the following: A body which is in one place is not in motion. Now, if we consider a body in motion, for instance an arrow, it is every successive moment in one place. Therefore the arrow does not move.

Others saw that it is too absurd to deny the reality of motion since it is so self-evident. But how to explain its beginning? They thought of various possibilities. Some said there is no cause for the beginning of motion. It simply happened by itself, either in time or from all eternity. Others said a thing cannot happen without a cause. And to say that motion is eternal does not solve the difficulty. If motion is eternal then again one must say that it either happened from all eternity and this is no explanation, for nothing happens without a cause and no explanation is given without giving a reason, or one must say that motion is necessary. It might also be said that motion was caused from all eternity, but then by what was it caused? There must be a first cause, a first

mover. If motion is necessary, then something else is necessary, for motion does not exist unless in something that is in motion. Something that is necessary and is not caused by anything else must be very perfect. It precedes all other things and is the cause of all things that follow. But philosophers saw nothing so perfect. They had not yet discovered the first cause of motion. All the explanations that had been advanced being unsatisfactory, a new solution was forced upon them.

The first step in this new solution was made by Anaxagoras. He does not yet come to the knowledge of a creator of the universe, but he says there is an intelligent mover of the universe. This intelligent mover he called mind. He describes this mind as being infinite, distinct from the world, and independent. This new idea of Anaxagoras was food for thought.

Socrates went a step further. He noticed that there is a most wonderful order in nature. Everything seems to strive for a definite end and everything is so arranged that this end or purpose can be realized. But who arranged all this? Not the mind of man, because man discovers merely what is already there. Hence it could have been no one else but a supreme intelligent cause, which is God.

These were the principal arguments which proved to ancient philosophers the existence of a supreme intelligent Being. Aristotle developed especially the argument from motion, showing that there is a prime mover, who is uninfluenced by anything else. This prime mover is God. A few centuries later Cicero says he cannot understand how a man could doubt the existence of God unless he doubts also the existence of the sun. This is in accord with the saying of Holy Scripture: "The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God." Ps. XIII,1.

### *Father Abbot's Page*

*(Continued from page 3)*

there is a feeling of animosity towards them and persecution may be in the more remote plans. The bold stand that the Protestant Evangelical Church took against church unification in Germany has served thus far as a buffer to protect Catholics. Had the Evangelicals given in easily to Hitler's plan, the Catholics would in all probability have been speedily approached to submit to unification. There would

then have been opposition and consequent persecution. The dire condition of Germany and most other countries should prompt us to a more fervent life along with earnest prayer that God in His goodness rescue His people from the ruin which they have prepared for themselves by their irreligious lives. The strained economical condition of the countries results from their bad politics; bad politics is the fruit of poor religion.

Yours most cordially,

*+ Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.*

Abbot.

### *Street Preaching*

*(Continued from page 5)*

non-Catholics sponsored by Father Leven's guild in the summer of 1934. One conducted, for children only, by a seminarian had an enrollment of twenty. The other, conducted by two Benedictine Sisters, gave a course to sixty non-Catholic women and children.

The great need of the guild is more priests. In 1934 Father Leven had a list of 273 non-Catholic families in his parish who desired Catholic instruction. But he had no one to give it to them. As state chaplain of the Knights of Columbus, Father Leven has secured the services of a hundred laymen whom he is instructing to do catechetical work. It is his opinion, however, that the priest can accomplish more in the Evidence Guild work than lay speakers. He has observed that non-Catholics have a very high esteem for the education and learning of the Catholic priest. His word means more to them than that of a layman.

The work that is being done in Oklahoma with such remarkable success can be done anywhere. Surely the type of Protestant found in Oklahoma does not differ much from the kind found anywhere in this country. Everywhere the harvest is waiting for the reapers. The great need is laborers. If only laborers would come!

The manner most pleasing to God for keeping ourselves in His holy presence is to enter into the Heart of Jesus, and confide to Him all care of ourselves.—*St. Margaret Mary.*



## Sacred Vestments

Joseph Battaglia, O. S. B.

**V**ESTED in amice, alb, and cincture, the priest is now ready to don three vestments which are of the same material and color, namely, the maniple, stole, and chasuble. The colors of these vestments vary with the feast or the season of the Church year. Although no particular material is prescribed for these three vestments, all common material is forbidden. But the Church, eager to show that all that is precious belongs to the Lord, would have beautiful vestments for divine service. Therefore, linen, silk, brocade, satin, silver-cloth, and gold-cloth are most generally used. Nevertheless, how precious and beautiful soever be the sacred vestments, they are not yet fit to be used for divine worship. They must first be withdrawn from profane use and be dedicated to the service of God by a special blessing, which makes of them sacred objects.

The first of these three vestments is the maniple, a strip of cloth, about two feet long, and of the same width as the stole. It is embroidered with a triple cross—one in the middle and one at each of its extremities. It is worn on the left forearm.

Originally the maniple was a handkerchief used to wipe away perspiration and tears. Now it is mostly an ornament, but not an empty one; for it signifies the fruit of our toil and sweat, of our sighs and tears in the vineyard of the Lord. It also reminds us of the shackles with which the hands of our Saviour, as those of a criminal, were bound.

Two interesting ceremonies in the use of the maniple prompt observing people to ask: "Why does the priest take off his maniple when he preaches?" "Why does the Bishop put on the maniple during the prayers at the foot of the altar?"

The rubric or rule prescribing that the priest remove the maniple before he preaches is in perfect accord with the mystical meaning of the maniple. For, since the maniple denotes among other things "weeping and sorrow," it is properly worn at Mass, which is the unbloody repetition of the cruel and bitter death

of Jesus Christ on the gibbet of the Cross, and as no sorrow can compare with the sorrow which Christ endured on the Cross, the maniple is ordinarily not worn outside of the Mass.

A bishop (also an abbot) assumes the maniple only after he has been entirely vested, and has proceeded in the Mass to the *indulgentiam* after the Confiteor, just before he ascends to the altar. This distinctive and solemn manner of putting on the maniple perpetuates the memory of an ancient custom when the ample chasuble completely enveloped the celebrant. This chasuble was folded back over his hands by the deacon and sub-deacon just before the priests ascended the altar steps to begin Mass, and only then was the maniple given because its employment (as a handkerchief) was impossible before. Now, by the shortening of the chasuble to its present forms, this has been rendered unnecessary. But to show her love for her ancient practices, the Church continues this antique custom in a bishop's Mass. However, at a Requiem (Black) Mass a bishop puts on the maniple after the cincture.

After the maniple comes the stole. The stole is a band of cloth worn round the neck and reaching down nearly to knees. It is ornamented at each end and in the middle with a cross. The stole may be worn only by a deacon, a priest, or a bishop, each of whom wears it differently. The deacon places it over the left shoulder, fastening the ends together under the right arm. The priest and bishop wear the stole on both shoulders to show that the yoke or burden of their office is heavier than that of the deacon, as well as to show that to them is given the full power of administering the sacraments. Vesting for Mass, the priest crosses the stole in the form of a cross on his breast. The bishop (who already wears the pectoral cross on his breast) wears the two ends of the stole hanging loosely down over the alb. In a word, the stole is the sign of priestly power, and is worn only when the priest uses his spiritual, priestly powers, for example, when

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# Within the Circle of the Benedictine Family

Placidus Kempf, O. S. B.

**I**F there is one of the many wise utterances of King Solomon that is verified in our age of mass production it is the twelfth verse of the twelfth chapter of the Book of Ecclesiastes: "Of making many books there is no end." During the past year 15,628 new books were placed upon the market, each one running into thousands of copies. This is a veritable avalanche of print, overpowering the ambitious mind that tries to remember merely the titles of these books. Yet, out of this vast array of books, how many have achieved a place of distinction, have become best sellers? How many of them are of such vital interest and importance that they will be as much in demand a hundred years from now as they are today? You know the answer.

Here is a little book of 128 pages (it actually measures  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 4$  inches) that was written 1400 years ago, about the year 528 by St. Benedict. It is a Latin copy of his Holy Rule. It has not lost its interest or vigorous vitality. It is still a classic. In the introduction to his translation of the Rule of St. Benedict Cardinal Gasquet writes: "The Rule of St. Benedict may fitly find a place in any collection of classics. As a code of laws it has undoubtedly influenced Europe; and, indeed, there is probably no other book, save of course the Holy Bible, which with such certainty can be claimed as a chief factor in the work of European civilization. It is undeniable that most of the nations of modern Europe were converted to the Christian faith and tutored in the arts of peace by the influence of the mode of life known as monastic. The men whose names are connected with the beginnings of civilization in the various countries of Europe, and their fellow-labourers, were for the most part trained for their mission under the Rule of St. Benedict. Such, for example, were Augustine in England, Boniface in Germany, Ansgar in Scandinavia, Swithbert and

## *Our Family Heirloom*

Willibrord in the Netherlands.

"In view of the facts, therefore, it will hardly be denied that the monastic system, as codified in the Rule of St. Benedict, has been proved to possess some strange power of influencing great bodies of men and winning them from the darkness of paganism and the horrors of savagery to the light of Christianity and the blessings of a civilized life. . . . The monastic plan was similar to the old Roman plan of civilizing by means of 'colonies' planted among the conquered races of the empire. The colonists brought with them the arts, and to some extent the culture, of Imperial Rome, and their mere life among the subjugated peoples induced these latter of their own accord to adopt the manners, the language and the law of their conquerors. There was probably no programme, or pretence, but the influence of the life followed by the trained Roman colonist worked its charm without noise or compulsion.

"In the same way the monk came with the like lessons of peace and civilization, but with the addition of the all-powerful assistance of religion and the strong attraction which self-sacrifice ever exerts over the minds of the unlettered. Thus Augustine came to England with forty companions, all trained in the 'school' of St. Benedict, and in the principles of his Rule. They landed in this country and won it to Christ with cross and banner and religious chants. Then they settled down to live their lives of prayer and labour, and whilst their success is written in the annals of our country, we know the names of a very few of these apostles, and they those only who were called later to form similar centers in other parts. History can tell us nothing of their preaching and teaching. No doubt they did all this; but what we know of their work is that they lived their life according to their Rule; they built up other places and formed other

colonies, and then they died; and, behold! the peoples among whom they dwelt were Christian."

To what must we attribute this success? The learned Cardinal tells us: "To understand the position of the Rule set forth by St. Benedict, and to comprehend the reason of its success in the Western world generally, it is necessary to know the meaning of monasticism in the early ages of the Church. In comparatively modern times various religious Orders have come into existence in order to meet some accidental needs of the Church, using the religious life as a means to carry out these objects. In the early ages the conception of utility or purpose, other than the perfecting of the individual soul, does not appear to have entered into the ideal of the regular life. It was regarded merely as a systematized form of life on the lines of the Gospel counsels of perfection, to be lived for its own sake and as the full expression of the Church's true and perfect life. Whatever the means, the end to be attained by religious life was the same in all systems or methods of life, namely, the more complete realization of the supernatural end of human existence, and the closer conscious union of the soul with God. This was to be attained by the removal of every hindrance to this elevation of mind, arising from self or external things; and by the practice of Christian virtues according to the counsels of perfection."

No other book, save the Holy Bible, has gone through so many editions. In his Bibliography of the Rule of St. Benedict, published at Montserrat, Spain, in 1933, Dom Anselm Albareda, O. S. B., lists 902 known editions in 22 languages.

Every family has at least one book of which it is justly proud, which it treasures highly, opens reverently and guards religiously—the family picture album. It is the pictorial history of the family. It traces back the family tree through its various branches to its earliest roots and lists the fruits as they appeared in due season. Clearly marked family traits and resemblances are visibly traced and recorded for posterity.

The vast Benedictine family also has an heirloom that it treasures most highly, the above-mentioned book of the Holy Rule. In it is clearly traced the heroic figure of its founder, St.

Benedict. He practiced what he taught. He first perfected himself in the ways of perfect living and then, dipping his quill into the deep well of his personal experiences, he penned his autobiography in the form of spiritual principles that will enable all who choose to make them the rule of their daily living a safe guide to perfection and heaven. By following these principles every soul of good will can educate itself in that most necessary of all arts—to become a plastic surgeon along spiritual lines, to shape and mold to perfection and beauty the image of God according to which it was created, which image was recovered and cleared from the debris of original sin by the cleansing waters of baptism. In an introduction and 73 chapters St. Benedict teaches this art to all who would become his pupils. No formal enrollment in his Order is required. No signing of a religious contract by holy vows is necessary. The only tuition demanded is a desire to learn and faithfulness in making the prescribed home tasks. Are you willing to be enrolled?

### *The Lovely Enigma*

*(Continued from page 9)*

picture. To one side was a life-size statue of the Blessed Virgin carrying the Infant Jesus.

The two women stopped at the landing. Aline gazed at the baby, and unconsciously murmured, "The darling!" When she turned to see Mrs. Mason, she noticed that she was kneeling before the Mother and Child bowed in silent prayer. Aline knelt immediately, but was too startled to pray. Truly this was a strange house and a strange mistress of the mansion.

"Come, my dear," the soft voice broke into Aline's thoughts. Without a word of explanation they mounted the second half of the stairs. The halls seemed endless, the rooms numerous. At last Mrs. Mason opened a door to a pink and green room and entered with Aline.

"I'm going to stay a moment and watch you unpack your suitcase. Walter is bringing it up. I could have had Nancy escort you here, but I thought you might allow me to stay with you a while and watch you unpack. Honestly now—would you rather I leave?" There was something girlish and enthusiastic about Mrs.

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## A PERSONAL NOTE



**I** HAVE always had a great dislike for the phrase, "to be frank." I suppose it is because I have had so many unpleasant things told me with those words as a preamble. Yet, who really are our friends? Those who flatter with falsehood or those who wound with truth? "Better are the wounds of a friend than the deceitful kisses of an enemy."

So, though many use the plea of frankness only in order to be unkind, I wish to be frank only in order to be honest, and this 'for the good of the Order' and for the common good.

The great mobilization of the Knights of Columbus, which was recently inaugurated to obtain new members and to carry out the plan of Catholic Action, has brought the Order again to the attention of the public. The drive has been given much publicity in both the religious and secular press. And since, with this publicity, editors have felt free to express themselves in comment and disinterested advice, permit me also to unburden myself of thoughts which, after years of fermentation, now demand release.

To me, the Knights of Columbus have always been somewhat of a mystery. I have always been puzzled as to the why and wherefore of the existence of such an institution. And to put my wonderment briefly into words has also been a difficulty. However, the question may be put in some such manner as this: Are the Knights of Columbus a body of vigorous Catholics, full of the restless

energy of true Knights for the cause of Christ and His Church; or are they just another organization of American men, who happen to be Catholics, at least in name, and are held together by the intriguing bond of common secrets, by the social opportunities of their club rooms, and, in some cases, by insurance? This question cries aloud for a definite answer, not in words so much as in deed and fact.

During the World War I thought the question had been answered. The noble, edifying activities of the Order for the spiritual and corporal welfare of our soldiers made it a pride and glory to the Church and to the United States. They had vindicated themselves as fit instruments of Divine Providence; as a consequence, the Holy Father and the American Bishops were loud in their praise and urged strongly that every Catholic layman join the K. of C.

New members joined by the thousands, fine Homes were built, the clergy became enthusiastic—then what happened? Did the Church in America find in them, during the ensuing years, a body of intelligent, representative Catholic laymen, enthusiastic for Catholic life not only in themselves but also influencing the spread of solid Catholicity throughout the land? Or rather has not an apathy in things religious seized upon the body, has not the spiritual fire left it, has not a lamentable chasm widened between the K. of C. and the clergy, have not the activities of the Order, except in a few instances of sporadic philanthropy, rather become a matter of mere routine, their

## NOTE TO THE K. OF C.

Homes mere recreational refuges?

I quite realize that, having never been a member, I must take the less glorious position of a critic from without. Yet, as a priest, I have attended their meetings and mingled with unnumbered Catholic men, most of whom "used to belong;" have also exchanged views with many priests concerning the Order. However, all this is beside the point. It was not with the purpose of picking flaws and proving defects that I began this article; it was rather to praise and encourage the leaders of the K. of C. in the very excellent—the only logical—objective which they could have proposed to this Order of Catholic men, namely, Catholic Action. There may or may not have been defects and even abuses which could have presented Knights or their Order as belying the very name of Catholic. Let the Order as a body and the Knights as individuals but swing into the full stride of Catholic Action, and all will be well. If life and vigor have been lacking, it shall then be so no more.

The Spirit of Jesus Christ, residing in His Church, is ever of necessity productive of life and growth and restless activity in His cause. Apathy and stationary routine are no more possible to things Catholic than to plant life in the spring of the year. There is ever a constant, almost impatient, energy, which demands action in defiance of all opposition. It would seem that to be an apathetic, half-hearted Catholic were impossible. One is either an intensive Catholic or none at all.

For at every turn in life the

Catholic meets a challenge, whether this be in one's own fallen nature or exteriorly in the world of today, which is pretty completely dominated by the devil and his allies. Daily and hourly he must come to numerous partings of the way. On one side Christ and truth beckon; on the other, the world and sin. Scarcely ever is there a middle way between them. Many unfortunately spend much of their lives trying to walk a comfortable middle road. In vain. They may think they have achieved the compromise, but soon are surprised to see that the path they have chosen is leading them ever farther from Christ. "You cannot serve two masters." "What concord hath Christ with Belial?"

So also with any organization of Catholic men or women. If it sets itself up as a body of Catholics, it must of necessity come to Catholic Action. It can never remain out of touch with the hierarchy and the priesthood, and thrive as a Catholic body; it can never be anything other than an intensely religious body both in itself and in its individual members. If it ever come to conform to other organizations of people in the world, then must it cast about in honesty for another name, and in reality for another cause to give it life and vigor. And then one will find in the course of things that its purposes and activities must meet the challenge of the Spirit of Christ. No man and no organization can be indifferent to it. One must be wholeheartedly for Christ or eventually come to find oneself wholeheartedly

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## Query Corner

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

**What is the difference between a laybrother and any other religious? What are some of the qualities required for a laybrother?**

The difference is suggested by the word lay or layman. A lay brother is a religious man who is neither a priest nor a clerical student. Usually the term lay brother is further restricted to religious who live in communities together with priests and are engaged in manual labor and other types of employment necessary for the maintenance of the community; this distinguishes them from the teaching brothers. Besides being a baptized and confirmed Catholic, one who wishes to become a lay brother should have a good moral character, a sound mind and body, fitness to live the religious life, and especially the good will and zeal to work for God and for the salvation of one's own soul and the souls of others.

**What is the symbolical meaning of the incense which is used at Mass and Benediction and other functions of the Church?**

From the earliest times incense was a symbolical sacrifice paid to God. The grains of incense consumed on burning coals and arising in a fragrant cloud of smoke represent the soul which consumes itself as a sacrifice for God and the prayer which arises from the soul to God. The clouds of incense hovering above the sanctuary symbolize God's mercy and grace descending upon man in answer to his prayer.

**If the Church promises equality to all members of the human race without distinction, why are the Negroes so discriminated against in Catholic churches, educational institutions, and social life in general?**

Perhaps this question might be answered differently in Mississippi than in Indiana. But the difference would be only accidental. What kind of equality does the Church promise first and foremost? Religious equality. This is the Church's mission: to bring salvation to all men who are alike created by God and redeemed by Jesus Christ. In spiritual matters the Church cannot and does not discriminate against Negro or any other race, for all have an equal claim to the benefits of the true religion. The distinction so often made between the races in Catholic churches and schools is fundamentally social, not religious. The question is not whether the Negro can receive the same sacraments as the white man, but whether he is to be permitted to associate with the white man, whether the place happens to be a church or a school, a theater or a hotel. It is the question of social equality. Here too the Church aims at the ideal: since all men are children of God and brothers of Jesus Christ, they should be united by the bonds of justice and charity. Certainly no white man is bound to choose Negroes for his intimate friends, but as a Christian he must treat them as justly and charitably as his white neighbors. Social discrimination on the part of Catholics is merely tolerated by the Church on account of present social circumstances. But it is the Church's aim to ameliorate such conditions and bring about a better understanding between the two races. As Pope Pius XI has said, "It is the work of Catholic Action to unite Catholics of every social class... in thought and action."

**What is the meaning of the genuflection which we make before the Blessed Sacrament?**

Genuflection means "bending the knee." This was formerly a common mark of homage paid to kings and princes. Since the King of Kings is present in the Blessed Sacrament, we can offer Him no better homage of faith and love than by making a reverent genuflection.

**What duties have sponsors towards their godchildren? Is this obligation serious? Does this obligation hold while the parents are living?**

Sponsors at baptism assume the responsibility of seeing that their godchildren are brought up as good Catholics and live up to their baptismal promises. This responsibility certainly constitutes a grave obligation. As long as the parents perform their duty of educating the children as good Catholics, the sponsors need not interfere. But if the parents are dead, or, if living, neglect their duty, then the obligation of providing Catholic education for the godchildren rests upon the sponsors, provided it is possible for the sponsors to do so.

**What are the promises which a non-Catholic must make before he can lawfully marry a Catholic before a priest?**

Before a mixed marriage can lawfully take place, the non-Catholic party must promise in writing: 1. that the Catholic party will be allowed the free exercise of the Catholic religion; 2. that all the children will be baptized and educated as Catholics. Besides these two express agreements, the non-Catholic must also understand that marriage is an indissoluble contract and promise that no marriage ceremony will take place besides the one performed by the priest.

**Why do Catholic mothers go to church after child birth for the ceremony called "Churching"? What is the meaning of the ceremony?**

The churching of women is a special blessing which is given to Catholic mothers after recovery from child birth. The mother comes with her child to the church to thank God for her happy delivery and to receive from the priest the Church's blessing on herself and her child, together with the grace to bring up her child as a good Catholic.

**How would you explain this text: "And call none your father upon earth, for one is your father who is in heaven." (Matt. 23.9) Non-Catholics sometimes object to our addressing the priest as "Father" by appealing to this text.**

If this text forbids Catholics to call the priest "Father," then neither have non-Catholics the right to call their parents father. In this passage our Lord merely warned the Apostles not to desire honors and flattery as did the Scribes and Pharisees who allowed themselves to be called "master" and "father" by their sycophantic admirers. The Scribes and Pharisees assumed to themselves the honor which was due to God alone. That Christ did not forbid the Apostles to be called "Father" in the proper sense is certain, for the Apostles frequently refer to themselves as the spiritual fathers of the faithful. It is in this same spiritual sense that Catholics today address the priest as "Father."



## BROTHER GILES' STORY

With the death of Brother Giles on March 4, there was taken from us a link in the chain that connected us with the past: a link that bound this generation to the frontier days; for Brother Giles began his labors among the Sioux of the Dakotas just a few months after the historic massacre of Gen. Custer and his men, in the years that Sitting Bull was hunted and feared by the whites, in the years when the West was still the West of the pioneers.

Broken in health, Brother Giles returned to his monastic home in September, 1934, in his eightieth year, after fifty-eight years of service on the Missions. Fortunately, his Superiors, after his return, pressed him to give a written account of his life. This he did in all humility just a few months before his death. And it is this account which we are happy to present to the readers of THE GRAIL. It is simple, naive, humorous, as was Brother Giles; and we have kept it practically as Brother, with his limited education, wrote it; for to put polish to it would be like putting an unthinkable veneer to Brother Giles' own delightful, saintly self. Father Ambrose, present pioneer missionary and associate of Brother Giles for many years, has kindly supplied interesting details, which we give as footnotes. —The Editor.

Many a time I have been asked to give a sketch of my life, till at last I consented. So, then, here it comes.

I, Tony Laugel, from Vincennes, Indiana, the oldest city in the State, was born September 17, 1855. I came to the earth like every other human being. I was told that I had long hair, and had a good voice, and with my singing kept awake the whole house, and would not let them sleep.

When I was seven years old, I went to school. I learned my lessons pretty well, but I never could learn anything by heart easily. My mother died when I was thirteen. Our pastor would not take the children for their first Communion unless they knew the catechism by heart. So I was set back for another year, though I knew my catechism as well as the rest, but I could not recite it.

Well, the next year came and then I was allowed to receive my first Communion. After my first Communion, my father sent me to high school for six months to learn penmanship, arithmetic, and bookkeeping. Of course, I had a pretty good start in these things and I made good use of them.

We were eight children in our family: four boys and four girls. The first-born, a girl, died when a child. The rest all grew to manhood and womanhood.

When I was fifteen I asked my father to let me study for the priesthood. "Yes, yes," he said laughingly, "you will soon come back again." And indeed I went to St. Meinrad in February, 1869. At that time it took three days to get there. First I had to take the train from Vincennes to Washington, Ind., stay over night, then the next day by stage to Jasper, stay over night, and the third day, in the evening, I arrived at my destination. That was the most lonely trip I ever made in my life. If a big load were behind them,

the horses had to pull through mud, mud, mud. At present the trip from Vincennes to St. Meinrad can be made in an hour and a half.

After I had studied Latin one and a half years, I had enough of it, and asked admission to the Brotherhood. I was accepted, made my novitiate, and my first vows in 1872, and received the name of Brother Giles. I worked in the carpenter shop with Brother Gallus for a few months. Then I was sent to the kitchen to help cook, where I remained three or four years. Then I was sent to the Rev. Benedict Brunet, O. S. B., Brazil, Ind., to cook for him and at the same time to study Latin. But I did not study much. I preferred to remain a lay brother, which I remain to the present day, September, 1934, 62 years.

### OFF TO THE INDIANS

While stationed at Brazil, I heard that Rt. Rev. Abbot Marty was at Standing Rock, Dakota as an Indian Missionary. I wrote to him asking him if he needed a Brother, and if so I would be willing to go at any time.

About two weeks later, I received a letter from him telling me that Father Chrysostom Foffa, O. S. B. would come after me.<sup>1</sup> He came the morning of September 17, 1876, and in the afternoon we started for Dakota. It has been fifty-eight years since we took that route over Terre Haute and Chicago. When we arrived at Chicago in the morning, Father Chrysostom hired a hack for the day and made it a point to see as many Catholic churches and priests as he could before leaving the city. In the evening we left for St. Paul and remained there for some time visiting and then went on our way to Minneapolis. I do not

remember how much time we spent there. Next we came to St. Cloud, where Bishop Seidenbusch, O. S. B., resided at the time. The Rt. Rev. Bishop and Father Chrysostom were intimate friends. Both have gone to their eternal reward long ago.

The following day we started for St. John's Abbey. We stayed there over night. At that time the abbey was in its infancy and there was not much to be seen there. We returned to St. Cloud and continued our journey through to Bismark where we stopped to rest. In the morning the mail carrier drove up to our lodging house with a wagon loaded high with trunks.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Father Chrysostom Foffa, O. S. B., was the first priest of St. Meinrad to volunteer for the Indian Mission. When Father Chrysostom announced his intention to be one of the two volunteers for the Mission, Abbot Marty, his Superior, reflected a moment, and then said with decision: "You will be the one and I shall be the other."

<sup>2</sup> On a frosty morning in late September, 1876, Brother Giles climbed to the top of the trunk-packed stagecoach, and rode grandly out of Bismark in the direction of Fort Yates. Soon the sun came through the clouds and the temperature began to rise rapidly. As the stage jolted over the prairie road, the sun beat down unmercifully, and by noon Brother had to shed his top coat. Twelve hours later Brother Giles climbed stiffly down from his observation seat and shook hands with Abbot Marty. They were at Fort Yates. That night Father Chrysostom and Brother Giles shared the abbatial living quarters, one partition of an old log theater, furnished with a table, one bed, and two mattresses. As long as the mis-



Father Ambrose  
Abbot Ignatius

Father Damian  
Brother Giles

## THE STANDING ROCK MISSION

That very winter an Indian Agent arrived to take charge. Then we could get beans, rice, sugar, coffee, bacon, and flour, and we managed to get along pretty well, for everybody seemed to be satisfied. The laundry made me worry most; I only had two shirts to start with for each Indian boy, and not knowing how to manage, things seemed very funny to me, but everything had to go.

One night the boys, sleeping in camp bunks<sup>3</sup> on each side of the room, were lying down comfortable and peaceful, at least to my notion, when all at once a storm broke loose. I could not imagine from where at first. I lit my kerosene lamp and ordered peace, which followed immediately. It was a good thing it was dark, or someone might have got hurt. The boys picked out the hard, loose plaster, and were throwing it at each other, but it being dark, they did not see what they were throwing at. They were boys from the same tribe but different chiefs and dialects. This thing did not happen a second time.

In spring I raised some potatoes, lettuce, radishes and other vegetables. We were getting rich, and were as happy as Robinson Crusoe on his island. The old buildings, the old barracks of the soldiers, were given to us for use. So we had a sleeping room, as said before, a large room for a chapel, a dining room, and plenty of work. All of those buildings were poorly covered with dirt.

The Rt. Rev. Abbot and Father Chrysostom were strong for starting school right away. What a life! The children, boys of course, from ten to fifteen years of age, were brought in for school. I, of course, had to do the cooking, which would have been the easiest

obstacle is overcome now. The smallest child can say "f" now. I wouldn't be sure though; maybe he can't. Well, many such things have happened.

In June, 1887, Father Jerome Hunt, O. S. B., came along with four Sisters from Ferdinand, Ind. Well, they came to our rescue. The Sisters soon had the girls' school going, and took over the washing, and in the meanwhile the new Agent, Hugh was his name, built a school house for the boys, and Father Jerome took charge of the boys then. I was mighty glad, I tell you.

I had lots of old boards lying around, and went to work to make a toilet for the boys. To that I annexed a small chicken coop. Every boy was interested, and all was done in a jiffy. I soon had my yard enlivened with chickens, got some eggs, raised some young, and the boys were very much interested in everything I undertook.

The next thing was to get the boys' hair cut. They wore fine long braids of hair. They made them themselves, taking great pains to make them neat. I tried to have each one's cut, but no! What was I to do? I took one of them aside and offered him twenty-five cents to have his hair cut. Much talking and pleading finally brought results. I gave three others twenty-five cents each, and they had their hair cut too. There it stopped. I had nothing to pay any more. For a few days I so went on, as if I did not care any more. Then one came along to have his hair cut, then another, and another, till I had them all.

While I was cooking for the boys, one of the chiefs, Long Soldier, a bony fellow over seven feet high, would come to take what the boys had left. One morning everything was devoured, and the poor fellow had nothing to chew on. He got angry or pretended to be real mad, and threatened to kill me. I bravely told him to go ahead, and then he would be killed too. He left, and everybody had the laugh on him, and he never came for leavings again. (To be continued)

## Favor Received

Mrs. G. D. of Connecticut, acknowledges favor received through the intercession of the Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Victory.

part, but the boys had to be taken care of day and night. Of course, the boys themselves helped me where they could.

The boys fortunately were good natured, and as I felt like a boy myself, I had my fun with them. But they did as I did, and worked with me as I did, and we got along well. I knew but a few words of Indian, and they knew no English. You may be sure we had some nut-crackin' to do, and there it was of course where I learned the most and the best of my Indian language. And the boys too were more progressive than if they were studying for years. Father Chrysostom, writing his name Foffa on the blackboard for weeks to make them say his name right, had to give it up as a bad job. The Indians in their language have no "f", therefore this is a great embarrassment. They could not say "f" if you were to kill them. They always said "Sossa". They would always pronounce it like "s"; but no use; he had to give it up. Of course that

slonaries remained in their log theater rectory, they observed the practice of rising for Office at 3:30. Abbot Marty and Father Chrysostom alternated saying Mass on the one table in the room, while Brother Giles served. In rainy weather when the poor roof of the theater began to leak, Brother Giles held an umbrella over the celebrant. After Mass the table was cleared of the sacred linens and vestments, and breakfast was served, which consisted, according to Brother Giles, "of hardtack with hot water poured over it, seasoned with a little salt and pepper, and a little chunk of butter mixed with it. If that was made right it was not a bad dish at all. Later on we received baker's bread and bacon from the soldiers' commission." Shortly after their arrival at Fort Yates, Abbot Marty gave lessons in Sioux to the two eager missionaries. Brother Giles was given additional instruction in Latin by Father Chrysostom, the second Nocturn of the breviary serving as a text book.

<sup>3</sup> The rest of this log theater was soon after converted into a boys' dormitory. Instead of beds, the boys slept on wooden bunks built around the walls of the room.

## Editors Page

(Continued from page 17)

against Him. Thus Masonry has cast its lot unreservedly for the one; today, thank God, the K. of C., whatever it may have formerly been, has made the only choice it could have made and still be a Catholic body.

Again, I believe, Divine Providence is positively at work in this matter. Never before, perhaps, has the world outside the Church thrown down so direct a challenge to Christ, whether in philosophy, education, economics, or morals, as it does today. Never has the Catholic, either as individual or as part of an organization, come to meet so much at every point of contact with the world, friction with his principles, opposition, hostility. We are living in a day of countless major decisions between unreserved, unrestrained allegiance to one master or to the other. Our laity can no longer leave the prosecution of the interests of Christ to the priesthood. As in the days of the Apostles, they must now realize that they too are part of the mystical Body of Christ, branches of the Living Vine; that they must be either living, vigorous members and branches, or suffer themselves to fall, useless and apathetic, into the hands of the enemy. Knights of Columbus, enter the front ranks of Christ's militia! Let's see some Action! HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

## Echoes

from



## Our Abbey and Seminary

—March had a few days of warm, pleasant weather that set vegetation agrowing at a rapid pace, but the greater part of the month was rainy and rather chilly. On March 12th the Anderson valley was flooded. Much the same weather prevailed at the opening of April.

—March 9th brought us a distinguished visitor in the person of Mother Katherine Drexel and her traveling companion. Mother Katherine, a Philadelphia millionaire's daughter, is the foundress and present Superior General of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. A little more than forty years have passed since the establishment of this sisterhood, which now numbers about 400 members. The object of the institute is to instruct Indian and Negro children. Mother Katherine, who was on a visitation tour of the convents of her Sisters in the Southland, stopped in passing to pay us a visit. Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament are in charge of our Indian school at Marty, S. D. Years ago, when Bishop Marty, St. Meinrad's first abbot and missionary, was laboring among the Sioux Indians in Dakota, he visited at the Drexel home in Philadelphia and urged Miss Drexel to establish a sisterhood to work among the Indians. Eventually the idea developed and the present sisterhood took form and shape.

—Three students of St. Xavier's High School at Louisville, Kentucky, accompanied by Bro. William, C. F. X., came to St. Meinrad on March 10th to debate with three students of our high school department. "Resolved that the Federal Government should adopt the policy of equalizing the educational opportunities throughout the nation by means of annual grants to the several states for public elementary and secondary education" was the topic discussed. The home team, which had the negative side, came off victorious by a vote of two to one. The judges were the Hon. Mr. Walker, of the law firm of Walker & Walker at Evansville; the Hon. Wm. Dudine of the State Appellate Court, and Mrs. Mayme Koerner of Jasper.

—March 11th was the fifth anniversary of Father Abbot's election. According to custom Father Prior celebrated the Solemn Conventual High Mass that morning.

—Beginning with March 10th, and continuing to Palm Sunday, the community and the student body gathered in the Abbey Church at 7 p. m. on each of the six Sundays of Lent to make the holy hour in common so as to gain the indulgences of the jubilee year which we are keeping in memory of the nineteenth

centenary of the death of Our Divine Savior. This holy hour began with the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; then followed the solemn celebration of Compline, 330 seminarians singing the Psalms alternately with the monastic choir. Next in order was the recitation of the Rosary; then the Way of the Cross, the jubilee prayers, and Benediction. Thus observed, the hours slipped swiftly and pleasantly away.

—To keep the memory of St. Patrick green the seminarians gave a program in the college auditorium after Vespers on March 17th.

—The two Brother candidates Raymond Carmedy, of Columbus, Ohio, and Thomas Patrick Lloyd, of Aurora, Illinois, were invested with the habit of St. Benedict before the community Mass on March 18th. During the Solemn High Mass on the feast of St. Joseph Brother Novice Joseph Weldon, of Terre Haute, Indiana, made his triennial vows as Brother Omer. Father Omer Eisenman, formerly pastor of Sacred Heart Church at Terre Haute, had directed the latter to St. Meinrad. We shall be glad to have others of our alumni speak a word of encouragement to such as might be suitable subjects for our community.

—This year it was our privilege to have among our guests on St. Benedict's day, March 21, the Most Rev. John F. Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne. His Excellency, who was accompanied by two of our Fort Wayne alumni, Fathers John Dapp and Charles Girardot, celebrated the Pontifical High Mass of the feast while Father Patrick Griffin, a priest of this diocese, but serving in the capacity of Second Vice President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, delivered the festive oration. Father Prior Benedict officiated at Solemn Vespers at 11:30. The festivities were brought to a close in the evening at 7 by Pontifical Compline and Benediction, at both of which ceremonies Father Abbot was celebrant. The student body joined in the singing of the Psalms. The diocese of Fort Wayne has a number of students in our seminary.

—Dust storms from the plains of western Kansas hung over the land for several days about March 21st. Fine particles of dust found their way through tiny cracks and crevices into the house. These dust storms, which have become quite common in recent years east of the Rockies, are a novelty as well as a discomfort in eastern states, but they are no joke in the west.



# The Home Circle

## Our Lady's Month

What are we going to do for Mary during the month of May? We may attend daily Mass, say the rosary every day, make a rosary novena, attend the evening May devotions. We may deny ourselves little things in her honor, or make donations to the Church or the Missions in her honor. But most of all, as St. Joseph of Cupertino says, "Mary wants our hearts." She wants all of our love, even as children love their mother; not half-heartedly, or only with recited prayers which sometimes do not reach the heart, but with simple, tender affection. She wants us to come to her in our troubles, and St. Bernard tells us that never was it known that she turned a deaf ear to anyone who earnestly besought her help.

Those who love her will love to say her Litany—the Litany of Loretto, slowly, thinking carefully of each beautiful title, and pondering over it. Each title names one of Mary's perfections. God, in His loving desire to communicate His glory to His creatures, made man; but man's sin of disobedience put the whole human race out of harmony with the purposes of the Creator. The beautiful creatures He made were corrupted, perverted, contrary to His will; but He could not interfere, for had He not given them the priceless gift of free will?

Only one creature remained to Him out of all that confusion and headlong perversity—Mary, most perfect of all human beings; Mary, born without original sin—Mary, image of what we would have been, had not Satan perverted our first parents. But if a sin of disobedience ruined everything for us, the virtue of obedience reinstated us; for Mary's humility and obedience to Him Who desired to make her the Mother of His Son pleased the Almighty so, that it drew down His never-ending mercy on the whole world. And just as she was the key which unlocked the Gates of Heaven, so she still carries the key to the Heart of God. For who, even God Himself, can refuse His Mother anything?

## Quiet and Repose

Some quiet and repose are necessary to the human mind and body outside of the nightly rest. There are moments when our nerves rise and cry out that they are being ill-treated, when we have worked and worked without noticing that we have expended our entire reserve force of energy, and suddenly feel faint and exhausted. Mothers with small children find it hard to gain a little much-needed rest during the course of an exacting day; but if Mother cannot plan ahead for a quarter or half hour's solitude, then she must work it in in odd moments. For instance, during the baby's bottle feeding, take a comfortable chair, a deep one preferred, in the living room, turn on the radio, lean the head back and close the eyes. Such a little rest of

fifteen minutes will do wonders to recuperate a tired body.

Or while marketing, if one's route passes the church, stop in for a quiet little conversation with our Lord; the absolute silence and solitude is balm for the soul as well as the nerves. While baby is taking his nap, too, the mother may stretch her tired limbs on the davenport and relax completely for a quarter or half hour, and find herself much refreshed upon rising. If the park is not far off, take the children for a little romp while you sit on a bench and breathe in the fresh air and relax.

Some may object that they "have no time" for even a few minutes' relaxation; the answer is, "take time!" If the body and the nerves are driven too long and relentlessly, they will take their own revenge; the body falls ill, and then there is an enforced period in bed, no matter how many duties lie waiting. Fifteen minutes in the middle of the morning and afternoon, or a half hour right after lunch, will not set back the household work appreciably, whereas, it is well worth taking such a short period of relaxation in order to keep the body and nerves in good shape. An engine that is allowed to rest often, will last longer.

## Eucharistica

During Lent, our churches were filled with worshippers at all the morning Masses; all took heed of their good pastors' exhortations to do a little something extra for their souls, and many, too, were the daily communicants. Many pastors expressed their satisfaction with this evidence of fervor, and hoped it might continue. But alas, no more has Easter come, but everyone sits back and takes a big breath; Lent is over; now they want to take a rest. The churches are empty again, although our Lord holds court just the same, and waits as patiently as ever for the courtiers who fail to come.

Let us not forget that it is May, and that we can honor our Blessed Mother in no better manner than by attending Mass daily; and not only that, but we ought always to carry away from the Lenten time some good habits, or some self-denial, and retain it throughout the year, to keep a fast hold, as it were, on God—keep the cross as a mooring-post for our boats, on a storm-tossed sea of temptation and worldliness. If we utterly drop every good work we have been doing during Lent, we will soon fall back into our old habits of religious slothfulness, when our only visit to God is on Sunday morning.

Our religion must not be permitted to be only a Sunday religion; each day ought to be sanctified with some act for God, and what better manner is there to honor Him, than by greeting Him at Holy Mass each morning, and while there, receiving Him as the soul's food? No one would dream of feeding his body only once a week or once a month—then why the soul? To

their great honor be it said, however, that many of our Catholic boys and girls go to Holy Communion every Sunday morning, and often during the week, and though they often attend gatherings, nothing can make them break their fast after twelve, although all the people about them are eating. They think more of receiving our Lord than of a little material enjoyment.

### *Caring for the Hair*

Years ago, many women had thinning hair in the forties, mostly because of a fallacious idea that in the winter the hair should not be washed often, on account of the danger of catching cold. The result was dandruff, which gathered on the scalp and choked off hair growth, closing up the pores of the scalp, and preventing it from "breathing." For the pores of the scalp as well as those of the rest of the body must breathe, in order to preserve a healthy condition. Cleanliness is the first requisite to health, whether of the body, the hair, the teeth or any other part. While the fashion of cutting the hair short has benefited womens' hair growth in that it has prevented thinning out in middle age, yet the practise of having it waved and trying to preserve that wave as long as possible, has again defeated the ease with which short hair may be washed and cared for.

A clean scalp is absolutely necessary for hair-health, even at the expense of a ruined wave. If one cannot afford to visit the beauty parlor for a wave once a week, then it is better to wash the hair and wave them at home, rather than sacrifice a clean scalp. Some mothers are prone to do the same thing with their children. One small girl at school was discovered by her amazed companions to have a scalp absolutely black with dirt, because as she previously asserted, her mother washed her hair only once a month, so as not to spoil her curls. Another, whose mother daily made "finger curls", had not only a dirty scalp, but left the back of her neck unwashed, because the curls covered it.

It is a dangerous thing for mothers to indulge in such neglect just for the vanity of a few curls. A child is growing every minute, and it is a shame to retard the growth of a luxuriant head of hair for such a reason. It is far better for a child to be plain but clean, with straight, neat hair, than to imbibe the false notion that something merely ornamental is an excuse for filth.

### *About Beds*

In the Odyssey, Ulysses' bed was described at great length. It was inlaid with gold, silver and ivory; leather straps supported the bedding, and blankets were laid on top to make it softer. Stuffed mattresses, such as are used on modern beds, were evidently unknown. The early Greek beds were plain in design, but their decorative beauty increased as the custom of reclining at table grew. But although the Greeks made their beds beautiful with carvings and graceful shapes, they knew very little about comfort. These couches were made of gold, ivory or fine woods, and contained a depression in the top, in which the

bedding was laid; they knew nothing of springs or any other contrivances for comfort such as we know.

Some of the excavations made on the sites of buried ancient cities have revealed beds of marble and terra cotta. Sometimes these had a wooden frame, laced across with vegetable fibres or vines in lieu of springs. Some were found with mattresses stuffed with dried reeds or wool, and covered with striped linen, woolen cloth, or leather. The ruins of Pompeii have given up bedsteads of massive bronze, with silver incrustations, beautifully decorated; others were of massive gold or silver, but the majority were veneered with expensive woods, tortoise shell or ivory, plates of gold or silver, or inlaid with pattern of different materials. Some of the beds of Pompeii were so high that they had to be reached by a foot-stool or ladder. The mattress was supported by a delicate diagonal trellis, and the coverings were usually of rich silks, often purple in color, embroidered in gold thread.

The Mohammedans inherited the Persian and Byzantine love of luxurious beds, and developed the style of having baldachins and canopies overhead; these were often made of silk, damask or velvet, and so richly embroidered, that they became masterpieces of art.

### *Household Hints*

Don't throw away the broken scraps and crumbs at the bottom of the cracker box; crush them with a rolling pin, add to the dry bread crumbs in the jar, and use for breading.

In a pinch, crackers with sausage, cheese or fish filling will make dainty sandwiches for unexpected callers, with a beverage.

Baby's rubber sheeting should have eyelets for tape, so that it can be tied snugly to the crib fence and prevent uncomfortable wrinkles. His blankets should also be tied to the fence with ribbons so that he cannot kick off his covers at night and take cold.

Serve plenty of rhubarb in Spring, as its tonic and medicinal qualities are unequalled.

Do not run down cellar or upstairs with each single article; place all articles intended to be upstairs or down, in one pile, and then take them all at once. Saves wear and tear on the legs.

### *Recipes*

**ZWIEBACH PIE.**—Grind two cups zwieback and mix with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinamon. Line pie pan with half of it and reserve the rest for top. For filling, cook 3 egg yolks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, and 2 cups milk, until thick. Pour into zwieback crust. Beat egg whites with sugar and vanilla and pile over filling. Then top with rest of zwieback mixture. Bake in moderate oven until brown.

**BET RELISH SALAD.**—Combine  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup diced cooked beets, 3 tablespoons chopped sweet pickles, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 2 cups shredded cabbage,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon sugar and 2 tablespoons salad dressing. If liked more tart, add a tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

## Children's Corner

*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,  
Ferdinand, Indiana*

### *His Mistake*

His thoughts were carried miles away  
When grammar rolled around.  
"A boy's life should be full of play!"  
'Twas different though, he found.

For when he grew a man to be,  
It was a dreadful shame,  
He couldn't get a job, you see,  
POOR ENGLISH was to blame!

### *Why Go to School*

It pays in dollars and cents to go to school. If we do not go to school, we are shut off from all higher professions of the world. We should go to school as much as we can, for if we quit school at a very early age we are destined to pursue manual labor the remainder of our lives. It is better to acquire even a small amount of beneficial knowledge than much of that which does us no good. Go to school and help run the world, or quit school and let the world have you on the run!



### *The Rosary*

The supper dishes and after-supper tasks are finished and once again the entire family—Mother and Father, big brother Paul and big sister Hazel, mischievous Clifford, pious Claudia, grinning Jack, and little Teddy—are assembled before the statue of Our Blessed Mother. For it is Lent, and it has ever been the practice of this good family to recite daily in common the Rosary during the holy season of Lent. They are saying the third decade, and suddenly little Teddy, quite tired out from a long tramp in the woods with Jack, answers sleepily, "Holy Mary,—one, two, three, four,—" he is counting the number of beads. Mother just smiles, and gently places her hand over the child's mouth.

But that was fifteen years ago. Teddy, ever the outstanding pupil of his class, had been graduated from high school with great honors. In spite of all objections and pleadings of his parents, he had left home to become a great success in a worldly career. Certainly he had attained his desire, for now he was Judge of the State Supreme Court.

As Teddy entered his office today, he felt rather odd. Somehow, the thought came to his mind that this was Lent, and with that consideration came the recollection of those family gatherings for the recitation of the Rosary. It was now five years since Teddy had last seen the inside of a Catholic church or held a rosary in his hand.

"Teddy's secretary approached him and said, 'Here are those notes on the trial of that young boy.'"

Teddy thanked her, and proceeded to examine the material concerning the eighteen-year old boy

charged with robbery.

The court-room was crowded, yet there was a great, subdued silence as the judge entered. All took their places and the trial began in proper order. After the state had questioned its last witness and the defense was ready to begin, the defendant was called to the stand. "Where were you on the night of Thursday, March 6?" asked the attorney.

"I was home, sir," replied the boy.

"Give an account of your actions on that night."

"Thursday was the second day of Lent, and following a custom long practiced in our family, we always recite the rosary every evening of Lent. So after helping my mother with the dishes, we knelt down to pray the Rosary," the boy stated, then continued to outline his actions of the evening.

After the boy was excused, he helped his



aged, widowed mother to the witness stand. She told of the actions of her son that evening and the testimonies correspond.

Other witnesses were examined. The defense closed its case. The jury was instructed and retired to the jury chamber. One half hour passed; the jury returned to the court-room.

"Have you come to a decision?" asked the judge.

"We have, your Honor," replied the foreman.

"Did you one and all agree?" asked the judge.

"We did, your Honor," replied the jury.

The foreman of the jury then began, "We, the members of the jury, after considering all evidence presented, we declare the defendant, Mr. William Jones, not guilty."

The judge was forced to rap for order. The boy and his mother were standing side by side, the mother holding a rosary and thanking God for their victory.

At the end of court, Teddy sat solemnly at his desk. Today's happenings had so vividly brought back the recollection of his happy, holy childhood that he determined to bring its spiritual influence into his hitherto worldly, merely temporal ambitions.

And that very night at the home of the Hampton's there was great rejoicing as once again the entire family, including Teddy, knelt before the same little home altar and in the same old way recited the beautiful prayer, the Rosary.

### *The Nail*

A tradesman had once made a good day's business at a fair. He had sold all of his goods and filled his purse with money. Mounting his horse, he rode away on his return trip to his home. He stopped at a small village for some lunch and as he was about to set out again, the stable-boy said to him, "Sir, a nail is missing in the shoe on the left hind foot of your horse."

"Let it be missing!" replied the tradesman, "I am in a hurry and the iron will hold for six hours. I must be on."

Late in the afternoon the tradesman had to dismount again. At this place he was once more told that a nail was missing in the shoe of his horse.

Angrily the man replied, "Well do I know it, but I have no time to stop for such little things. My time is precious."

Off he rode, but the horse soon began to limp, and from limping, it stumbled and fell down. When the tradesman examined the horse, he found it had broken its leg. He was forced to leave the horse lying on the road and he himself had to walk the remainder of the journey.

Tired and dejected, the weary traveler reached his home late that night. But he had learned a valuable lesson. "All misfortune," he said, "is owing to a little carelessness. The more haste, the less speed!"

### *Wise and Otherwise*

It happened before the advent of the automobile that one day the little daughter of the blacksmith was brushing away the flies from a horse while the father was adjusting a shoe.

"Oh, Edna! Are you shoeing horses too?" inquired a smart young man who happened in.

"No, Sir. I am shoeing flies."

"Say, Pa, I think we'd better call Dr. Jones for Freddie. He has such a severe pain in his head."

"Oh pshaw! He's often had that before."

"Yes. But never when there was no school."

The grass is a lovely carpet,  
And a bright-blue roof is the sky;  
The trees look like big umbrellas  
In the sun so clear and high.

The snow is a pretty blanket  
That's spread when the days are  
cold;

The ice is a shiny mirror  
That winter days can hold.

To enjoy and like all seasons,  
No one's too large or small;  
Nor to love our dear Creator,  
The Lord and Master of all!

### *My Prayer*

Give me faith and hope and love,  
Give me courage from above;  
Patient, willing, humble, kind,  
Calm of heart and pure of mind;  
Resigned to Thy all-wise decree,  
My motto, "Jesus, all for Thee."



## Perpetual Novena in Honor of St. Benedict

TRUE devotion to the Saints implies two things. First and foremost it presupposes a constant and *faithful imitation* of the virtuous lives of these favorites of God. Not that we are to try to become exact duplicates of them, which is impossible, but that we draw inspiration and direction from their perfect lives to copy as closely as possible the picture of perfection constantly held before our soul's eyes by their and our Divine Model, Jesus Christ.

To accomplish this our life work we need the grace or help of God, which is to be had for the asking. In order to strengthen our weak prayers we implore the support of the intercession of the saints; we *become their clients*. The word "clients" usually recalls to our mind another word, one to which it is so closely wedded in our every-day life, that of "lawyer" or legal adviser. We speak of a lawyer and his clients, those who have hired him to look after their legal affairs and to plead their case in the courts of justice. Similarly we clients of the saints ask them to plead our cause, not in the courts of Divine Justice, but in those of His Infinite Mercy.

A more appropriate term would be "legate" or "ambassador." At the courts of kings and civil rulers we find ambassadors from all the civilized nations on the face of the globe. These represent their nation and are sent to look after the interests of their own people, that its ideals be upheld, its wrongs be righted, and its rights be respected.

What is true in civil government is likewise true of ecclesiastical or church government, at the court of the greatest of all rulers, our spiritual ruler, the Holy Father, the Pope. The Holy Father is the immediate superior of the vast Benedictine family, split up into as many units as there are individual communities. This large family has at Rome its special legate, called the Abbot Primate, who attends to all matters pertaining to the needs and welfare of the Benedictine Order.

Passing from the Church, the vestibule of heaven, to the court of heaven itself, we see a similar arrangement there. Near the throne of God we see St. Benedict, the Abbot of

Abbots, acting as ambassador for all his spiritual sons, daughters, and friends. As it was his delight always to do the will of God most perfectly on earth, so it is now the delight of God (to speak in a human manner) to do the will of the Saint, which, after all, is His own Will. We reach the heart of the parent quickest by praising the graces or accomplishments of his child, which he likes to consider his diminutive self. When we thank God for what He has done in the saints we praise his mercy. When we glorify them we glorify God and His work in them. And God is pleased. Just as a proud father gladly gives a coin to his infant son that the child might place it in the hand of the pleading beggar, so God also lets His sainted children distribute spiritual alms to their needy and begging clients. Hence if we are spiritual paupers we have no one to blame but ourselves. We do not ask often enough for alms.

In order to enable all who desire it to become recipients of more abundant spiritual blessings we are conducting a *private, perpetual novena* in honor of St. Benedict at our Abbey. This novena is a series of forty novenas that begin on the Feast of St. Benedict and close the following year during the public novena that is made by the members of the Abbey in preparation for his Feast. As many as wish to do so may join in this novena at any time. The novena calendar gives the dates on which a novena is begun. Recite prayers of your own choosing in honor of St. Benedict. Moreover, all who wish may have *all their intentions* included in this novena. It will not be necessary to mail these intentions to the Abbey. Simply make them in your own mind. Yet, if desired, the intentions may be sent in. The novena prayers will be offered for the *intentions of all who wish to have these intentions prayed for*. Thus, for example, a member of your family suddenly becomes very ill. You wish to ask for the grace of a speedy restoration to health. That is your intention, made in your mind. At St. Meinrad that intention is being offered up to God through the hands of our heavenly ambassador, St. Benedict. Could there be a quicker and better way of getting your spiritual telegram to the courts of heaven?



### *Perpetual Novena in Honor of St. Benedict*

#### CALENDAR

1935

Dates on which the private novenas are begun

March	21	August	3	December	7
"	30	"	12	"	16
April	8	"	21	"	25
"	17	"	30	1936	
"	26	September	8	January	3
May	5	"	17	"	12
"	14	"	26	"	21
"	23	"		"	30
June	1	October	5	February	9
"	10	"	14	"	18
"	19	"	23	"	27
"	28	November	1	March	7
July	7	"	10	—	—
"	16	"	19	Public novena	
"	25	"	28	March 12-21	

### *The Lovely Enigma*

(Continued from page 15)

Mason—a girl on a new adventure.

"Honestly, I rather have you stay with me always!" Aline meant it. She was still wondering who the baby was and if Mrs. Mason always stopped to pray before the statue of the Mother and Child.

Mrs. Mason sat in a chair beside the bed. Aline placed things on the dressing-table, a low French model which would be any girl's delight.

"This room is darling! Sunshine studio! Oh, what a beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin!" Aline was examining the picture of the Blessed Mother holding the Baby Jesus which was hung over her bed. "I never saw this type before

and I believe I like it better than any I have yet seen."

"That is Our Lady of Providence. The original was recently discovered by one of our United States' bishops somewhere in Italy. I went to college at St. Mary of the Woods, you know, and I have such a love of Our Blessed Mother and of the Providence of God. This picture seems to combine the two—Our Lady of Providence!"

"I, too, have special devotion to Our Lady but not under any particular title. I believe I'll adopt this title; I love it." Then Aline hung up the hat she had worn, slipped off her traveling suit for a cool looking, dainty summer frock of pink, brushed her black curls, and turned again to the quiet lady in the chair. Aline was not ill at ease, but she did feel rather odd.

"You look very sweet now. The children will love you! What degree did you receive?"

"A Bachelor of Philosophy degree. That was the most general, and I always had a desire to write and thought the most general degree would be the most useful."

"I loved to write too. I only wrote one book—with my husband's help. We wrote it. It's the story of our romance. We had it published just for ourselves and friends. You may read it sometime if you like."

"Oh I do want to!"

"Tell Laurence to give you a copy—or ask anyone except Alphonse!"

"Yes, thank you." But Aline couldn't picture herself asking for one.

"Ever been in love, my dear?" Suddenly asked Mrs. Mason.

"With my guardian—in a spiritual way—and with you in a beautiful new way," answered Aline and then impulsively knelt before the white-haired beauty in the chair.

"I need you, Aline!" murmured Mrs. Mason enfolding the girl in her arms.

"I need you—but I didn't know it until today!" whispered the girl.

"My baby girl died; she's in heaven now. God never gave me another child. Whatever you believe, dear, never value money as a means to happiness. Money cannot buy happiness. It even hinders it at times, because sometimes one thinks people love one and only the money

(Turn to page 29)



## Father Abbot in Europe

On the Bremen  
January 7, 1935

Dear Confreres,

The ocean ride on the homeward journey affords an excellent opportunity for continuing the European travelog. This letter must begin with Solesmes. As previously reported I arrived there after a day's travel from Lourdes on December 17. It was already towards nine at night when we arrived at the Abbey. An English-speaking French Benedictine had met me at the depot with an auto and chauffeur. It was my privilege to be housed in the quarters that were once occupied by the zealous liturgist, Dom Gueranger. As a zealous young secular priest this Dom Gueranger conceived the idea of re-establishing the dear old Abbey of St. Pierre at Solesmes that long had lain idle and neglected because long years before, the Benedictines had been expelled from France. With a few other young priests a community was formed and it was based on the Benedictine Rule and the old Constitutions. In time Dom Gueranger was appointed first Abbot. The trend of his activities as a Benedictine has been best manifested by his great work, "The Liturgical Year." But Dom Gueranger is dead, and I was alive at Solesmes, so I got up for Matins and Lauds on the morning of December 18. To get a better ensemble effect of the choir recitation and chanting I did not go into the choir stalls, but remained in the nave of the church. Closely did I pay attention to these monks who have acquired so wide and good a reputation for their Chant. Though there is nothing perfect on this earth, I think the Solesmes recitation and chant is the best I ever heard. Of course some of the Monasteries in Germany will not like to hear this and they won't agree with me either. It might just as well be stated right here that some of the German Abbeys that do much good in the field of Chant and recitation, do not submit to all the Solesmes theories and especially not to the Solesmes theory of Chant rhythm. It was not my good fortune to meet Abbot Raphael Molitor at St. Joseph's Abbey, Coesfeld, in Westfalia, Germany, who is also an authority on Chant. He was absent from home giving a retreat to some Religious. But the "Director Scholae" at St. Joseph's Abbey, told me that Abbot Raphael puts it this way: "The Solesmes Monks are French and we are German. When they speak, they speak French. When we speak, we speak German. The two languages are different. When they sing, they do it with the qualities characteristic of the French and the French language. We sing with the characteristic German qualities." To me that seems to be the best explanation of all. It is free from all antipathy. It all comes back to the advice given to a certain son of his dear Mother: "Man muss sprechen wie der Schnabel gewachsen ist."

What impressed me especially at Solesmes were the following points: First of all, the Monks march into choir with a dignity that reminds of and disposes to prayer. Next, they recite softly. Though the Fathers and Clerics in choir numbered about sixty, there was never any voluminous or preponderous recitation. The endings of the half verse and full verse were always tapered off beautifully. There was a ritardando and a *diminuendo*. The endings seemed to fade away reverently. The pitch to me seemed high. I made a note of it. The singing of the Chant was likewise mostly soft without sharp accents. Instead of moving along with staccato step, the chant seemed to roll along with the smooth yet firm impulses of waves. By no means was the chanting slavish and mathematical in its adherence to general principles or rules. I admired the latitude of interpretation that the Solesmes Monks indulged in. The conclusion one felt tempted to draw

was that there are more correct ways than one of doing the thing. One might safely say that there only two rules to be followed if one wishes to sing Chant perfectly. The first rule: Understand well the meaning of the words you are to sing. Second Rule: Give devout and artistic expression to this meaning. The first rule should be easy for us who know Latin well. The second rule presupposes a prayerful disposition and observance of the Solesmes rhythm, which seems to be the most artistic. In Solesmes, when the Schola sings the proper parts of the Mass, the members come forth from their two sides of the choir stalls and stand in the center between the choir stalls in the form nearly of a circle. After finishing a number, all return to their places. To me it seemed rather disturbing, so much commotion during the services.—Father Gajard, the man who directed the work of publishing the new Antiphonale Monasticum, showed me the paleography room where are stored all the manuscripts that were used. In a separate article that I have written for THE GRAIL, details about this work are given, so it is not necessary to give them here. At Cherbourg I mailed this article from the SS. Bremen, on which I am now writing, to Solesmes so that Father Gajard can read it and offer corrections and suggestions.—It was my good fortune to meet Mrs. Justine Ward at Solesmes. We had a two hour chat about Chant. She offered me some good suggestions, one of which may prove very practical for our work at St. Meinrad.—After three full days I left Solesmes on the morning of December 21 to go to Paris. There I stayed over night and the next morning at 8:00, after Mass at St. Vincent de Paul Church, went to Aix-la-Chapelle or Aachen, to visit Father Thomas's relatives, aunt and cousins. They met me at the depot in the afternoon and showed me a hospitality that made me loath to leave as soon as Sunday morning at 8:00 after early Mass at Holy Ghost Church. The goal was Maria Laach where I wanted to spend Christmas. Father Prior Albert met me at Andernach a little before eleven. We were at the Abbey in time for dinner. It was good to have a chance to rest up before Christmas, for it was to be a strenuous day. It would take too long to describe the fine Christmas services at Maria Laach. They were so elaborate that it would be hard to add to them. It was my privilege to have the First Vespers, Pontifical service. At 10:00 P. M., December 24, Matins was sung. This lasted till about midnight when Abbot Ildephonse sang Pontifical Mass. During this Mass Communion was distributed to the Fraters and Brothers and to about 400 of the almost 600 guests present in the nave of the church. Guests were admitted by ticket. Lauds followed this Mass, then came the private Masses, some rest, then Prime and the Aurora Mass. The later Mass at 9:00 or 9:30 was again a Pontifical Mass, well attended. The Monastic life at Maria Laach is wholesomely refreshing. They observe the liturgical life beautifully, give many retreats, have little outside work, no big school. In their liturgical academy they have nine students this year. I wish they had more. The school deserves better support.—On December 28 I traveled to Wuerzburg and thence by auto to Muensterschwarzach, especially to see their Junior Brother School, which is doubtless the best in Europe. There are sixty-five lads in the school. They have a well-planned course of study and work, mostly work. They learn various trades. During the time I was there the Junior Brothers put on a fine 5-act Drama: "Der Letzte Hohenstaufen." They had nearly the whole audience crying at times, so well did they play the touching scenes. This Abbey has an excellent agricultural department. Their barns are all new and

modernly built with first class ventilation.—This abbey is closely connected with St. Ottilien. From Muensterschwarzach I traveled via Cologne to Coesfeld to visit St. Joseph's Abbey. The trip was made Monday and required almost a whole day. The Father Procurator met me at the train and took me by auto to the Abbey. We arrived at about 8:30 P. M. just in time for the New Year celebration on the following day. The hospitality shown to me was 100%. Both Abbot and Prior were absent giving retreats, so Father Subprior took care of me and he did it well. Before the Solemn Mass on New Year's day I was invited to address the whole Community in a half hour conference on St. Meinrad. This was a pleasure to meet all at once on such conditions. Here the Church service was also excellent, especially the Chant. One of the Fathers goes out at times to lecture on Chant and to teach choirs. In the evening there was a little concert in my honor. The next day, January 2, I went by auto to Muenster to visit Father Hunkemoeller. He had been informed of my coming. He is chaplain in an immense hospital. Though this is a state hospital, two groups of Sisters are employed as part of the nursing force. They have community houses on the grounds. These are furnished by the state. Father Hunkemoeller is Chaplain for the Sisters and all the Catholic patients. He spoke well of St. Meinrad. When I told him of all my visits to Benedictine Abbeys in Europe, he laughed and said "But, if you want to see the real Benedictine spirit you have to go to America, and especially to St. Meinrad." Father Hunkemoeller took me to the old home town of our Father Luke. As we looked at the house where Father Luke lived I tried to imagine him as a little boy. I wonder whether he wasn't a sort of live wire in those early days.—On January 3, in the afternoon, I traveled to Bremen, the city where the first bishop was a Benedictine, St. Willehad. The Norddeutscher Lloyd named a boat after him. After making arrangements there for the steamer trip, I got a good night's rest. Early in the morning of January 4 I said Mass at St. Raphael's Chapel. At 8:23 a special train took the passengers to Bremerhaven to board the Bremen. The same ship that took me over was to bring me back. At 10:45 A. M. January 4, the Bremen engines started up. It took a full 25 minutes to turn the big boat around and head for Southampton. This port was reached the next morning at about 9:30. Some passengers got off and some got on. About 5 car loads of mail bags were loaded on the boat and at about 11:30 we were off to Cherbourg. It was 4:30 when we entered the harbor there. A little boat came to meet us and bring us some more passengers, so that we crossed the ocean with a total of about 850 passengers. From Cherbourg to New York took exactly 5 days. There was one other priest from Milwaukee on the boat with me. There were two Sisters from Milwaukee and three from Reading, Pennsylvania. Since you have already received a description of the Bremen, it is only necessary to say that we had a good voyage without storm. The first night in the Channel was a bit rough and made many sick. Thereafter all went well till we arrived in New York Harbor. Here there was such a heavy fog that the ship had to pause here about two hours, unable to see the way ahead. Just a few minutes ago the engines started up again and now we are on our way to the pier. It is almost 12:00 Noon, so I guess we'll have dinner on the boat. Out on the decks is all our baggage and 6000 bags of mail for the United States. This brings our Contact rather close to home. Twice on this trip I was taken to be a Hollander. A little more and you would have seen or heard me come home in wooden shoes. A number of visits in the U. S. will still keep me from home till towards the end of January. With kindest greetings to all and a hearty "God bless you," I am,

Yours most cordially,  
✠ Ignatius, O. S. B.  
Abbot.

## The Lovely Enigma

(Continued from page 27)

is loved. Again, money makes a steel bar between groups. It must not make any difference between us. It will—between you and some of the others here perhaps—but it must never make any difference between us. I wanted that understood today, my dear. I felt I would like you—and hoped you would like me. If we didn't, I'd have to search again. I want to get interested in some other young life, the life of a girl the age of my dead baby. You are about that age. She has been dead twenty years; was about two when she died, not quite."

"I want someone like you interested in me!" replied Aline.

"Oh, dear, we'll be late to luncheon. It's five to one. Let's go down. Laurence and the children will be with us. James, my husband, is painting a picture today. He's an artist—such a true artist!"

Together they went downstairs and sat at the rose decorated table. Another young maid began to serve the luncheon.

"Laurence and the children aren't back yet?" asked the lady.

"No, Mrs. Mason, but they know luncheon is served at one; they'll be here." She left to bring in the tea.

With a bang the other door flew open and two children, both under five, ran in and to Mrs. Mason. A young handsome man stood smiling back of an empty chair opposite Aline.

"Aunt Marianne, Uncle Laurence dwove weal fast!"

"Yeah, we went fifty miles fast and thopped weal quick. We had such fun. We're hungry!" Each kissing their grand-aunt, they scampered to their chairs.

"Prisoner, you have heard the witnesses. What have you to say for yourself?" Mrs. Mason said to Laurence.

"Guilty as the devil. Oh, I beg your pardon Aunt Marian; just guilty. Who is the guest?" And he smiled charmingly.

(To be continued)

Lord, Thou wouldst show how far Thy excessive goodness can go, by giving Thyself to the most unworthy of Thy creatures.

Ven. Fr. De La Colombiere.

### Sacred Vestments

(Continued from page 13)

administering the sacraments.

Originally a robe, the stole, especially the shining white stole, still signifies the robe of glorious immortality awaiting us in Heaven. By it, too, the priest is reminded of the burden of his ministry. For, when the bishop places the stole on the new priest in the form of a cross, he says: "Take upon you the yoke of the Lord; for His yoke is sweet and His burden light." We may also look upon the stole as a symbol of the Cross which our Saviour carried on His bruised and bleeding shoulders to Calvary.

Over all the other vestments the priest places the chasuble. The name "chasuble", from the Latin *casula*, "a little hut," suggests its ancient form, an immense cloak without sleeves and having no opening in front, which fell about the priest and completely enveloped him. By degrees this wide, flowing garment was curtailed and altered until it took the forms of our present chasubles. The custom at the Elevation of raising up a little the edge of the chasuble harkens back to the days when this was a necessity.

The principal vestment of the priest, the chasuble is also a symbol of the first and most excellent of all the virtues, divine love, or charity. The two parts of the vestment may more particularly signify the love of God and the love of the neighbor, which are one and the same virtue. It may also recall to our mind the purple robe thrown about the mangled body of Jesus by the mocking soldiers.

To these vestments we may also add the cope, which the priest assumes on given occasions, as for example, in processions, at Vespers, and at Benediction. Unlike the other vestments the cope takes its rise not from any vesture of ancient Rome, but from a garment used by the

monks of the eight and ninth centuries. These religious when singing the divine office in the monastic choir wore a mantle which was able to keep them warm in the cold and drafty churches. As this "overcoat" was also used in open-air processions, it was provided with a hood as a protection against the wind and rain. This hood has now become a mere ornamental appendage, which is generally adorned with some symbol. This vestment is called "cope" from its old Latin name, *cappa*, a cape. Its present liturgical name, *pluviale*, means "rain coat." Although no special symbolism is attached to the cope, it has an air of dignity and majesty which lends solemnity and splendor to festive occasions.

The Wise Men were led by a star to Bethlehem, where they found Jesus. The lamp of the sanctuary is the light which shines for us and shows us where Jesus reposes.

### Graduation Suggestion!

The habit of reading good Catholic Literature has been impressed upon the graduates during their high school career. Why not continue this after their graduation? In order to foster this spirit a certain priest each year presents his graduates with a subscription to "The Grail." Other friends are doing likewise. Why not you?

The Grail will be mailed to any address supplied by you for only \$1.00 the year.

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who have the vocation for a religious life and wish to dedicate themselves to the Divine Heart of Jesus for the *Salvation of Souls* will be received by the Carmelites of the Divine Heart of Jesus, Provincial House, 1214 Kavanaugh pl., Wauwatosa, Wis.

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